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The Pioneers of Jefferson County

I REMINISCENCES

By JAMES B. LEWIS

MY grandfather, John Lewis, came to this country from Wales about 1750 and lost his life when my father was about five years old, in the battle at the fort opposite New London, Connecticut, at the close of the Revolutionary war. He left two sons, John and Oliver. The latter, my father, moved to Trumbull county, Ohio, in 1804. His family then consisted of my mother now residing on Walnut street, aged ninety-four, one daughter and one son, Chauncey B. Lewis, father of Dr. James R. Lewis. In Ohio, his family increased to three daughters and three sons. He resided in Ohio during the war of 1812, and was a soldier under Gen. William H. Harrison. Was at the battle of Niagara Falls, Black Rock and River Raisin. My father was sent with others as an escort with an officer to supersede General Croghan at Lower Sandusky fort, and got so near that they heard the gun (a six-pounder) that was so well handled by our men. As fast as the British soldiers filled the ditch leading to the fort, the point of the six-pounder was run out and fired with such effect that it drove them out, leaving the ditch nearly full with their dead.

While my father was in the army, mother would weave cloth for the other soldiers' wives, while they would tend her garden in turn. I remember, as young as I was, seeing the old, gray-headed men come round to see that all was well, for every able-bodied man had gone to the front to prevent the Indians coming into our neighborhood. When my father returned, it was about daylight. He had lost a thumb in the last battle and it was very painful. That fall he lost his second crop of corn by early frost, and the next fall, 1815, he lost his third. I remember the latter. The whole country was a stench in our nostrils and we could taste it in our mouths. My father was a Methodist, and his Circuit Rider advised him to go to Indiana Territory.

On his recommendation he started in the fall of 1815, in company with Baldwin Clark and family. They purchased a flatboat at Weaver, twelve miles below Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, and, when all was ready, we were marched down to the boat. My father and others united in singing and prayer, committing themselves and their families to their kind heavenly father's care while on the river, and journeying to their new home.

On our way down the river we stopped at several places. At Cincinnati we stopped over the Sabbath. There was no wharf there then. Under the high bank was a steam saw-mill, and when running the steam would escape, it looked to me, twenty-five feet high, and would whistle like one of the old fashioned hunter's horns. From Cincinnati down we stopped at Fort Williams, now Carrollton. There George Short took passage with his "kit" of tools. He was a wheelwright and all our old farmers will testify to his good spinning wheels. He settled up on Walnut street, out of town, and ever after it was called "Georgetown."

There was no landing then made at Madison. The original sycamore, cottonwood and willow trees were standing under and on the high bank; these grew out into the river, especially the cottonwoods. Col. John Paul had cut the trees from the front of his house, now belonging to the heirs of Mr. Abram Todd. Our first citizens erected houses on the second, or high river bank, and when Walnut, Main, Mulberry and West streets were graded it left the houses above the street and nearly worthless, for instance, Robert Craig's and Alois Bachman's.

Navigation on the river at this time was of the rudest kind. There were no steamboats for several years. Broad-horns could float down, but to go up-stream the keelboat was used, a craft somewhat similar to the present canal boat, but very rude; the guards were about a foot wide and had cleets nailed to the floor, and two or three men on each side with long poles would push it against the current with their shoulders. When the water was deep or rapid, the men looked as though they were all lying down. Six miles were considered a good day's run.

The original plat of Madison was laid off from East to

West streets. These streets were the eastern and western boundaries of the then "town" of Madison. The streets were in their original state, and as that winter, 1815-16, was warm, they were wet with plenty of mud and misery. There were three ponds in the old town, one on Walnut street, running south under the market space nearly to the present jail, and to Jonathan Fitch's corner. Another where A. J. Fisher's stables now stand on Second street. The other opposite the Madison hotel, on Mulberry and Second streets. On the north end of this pond, on the alley between Main Cross and Second streets, was the only barber shop in the place. The sign over the door was hard for boys to read. It ran thus: "SAM-DUNNBARBER." At the intersection of Main and Main Cross streets, and for some space around, there was a marsh, and the old corduroy is still buried about four feet under the present streets.

There was a large number of Indians about. They had a camp at the north end of Walnut street, opposite Johnson & Clements' old starch factory. John Ritchie's store was opposite Rolla Doolittle's residence. The Indians used to trade with him. The Indians seldom used saddles or bridles on their ponies. If they got drunk—and they would always do so if they could get the fire-water—one or two would remain sober to take care of the others.

Robert Craig opened a grocery on Second street shortly after, near where Mr. Dickson now has his newspaper depot; Jacob G. Doyle was nearby, and Linas R. Leonard where the mayor's office now stands.

When John Paul laid off the addition below West street, where the angle is made, there was considerable indignation about "that bend." It was originally intended for Main Cross to run to the river, so when on the street you could see the point below town on the Kentucky shore. There were written and published in the papers four chapters of "Chronicles" in which Colonel Paul was called "John the Nabob" and "John Paul, Jr.," "Jack Hoecake," etc., for altering the original design.

The old Methodist church was built this year on John McIntyre's land on the east of East street on the back end of the lot, where St. John's church now stands. The seats

were of the rudest sort, split logs with a block under each end. Dr. Oglesby, Dr. Bigelow and a Mr. Brown (James E. Bacon's father-in-law) were the original preachers. Shortly after, Allen Wiley was put on this circuit.

Rev. William Robinson was the Presbyterian minister. He lived in a frame house on the ground where Isaac Wagoner now has a livery stable (my father first lived in a log house opposite). Mr. Robinson was in the habit of drinking, and at times to excess. He was an enterprising man, however, and erected a carding machine on the lot on Walnut street, where my mother now lives. After him, Mr. Searles was pastor, and, after his death, Rev. Joseph Trimble. Both are buried in the old cemetery on Third street. In 1825 Rev. James H. Johnston, now of Crawfordsville, became pastor. After Rev. Mr. Robinson was sold out John M. Watson carded wool for the farms and he used to advertise in the old *Indiana Republican*. The heading was:

“The tariff need not distress us
If we have wool enough to dress us.”

In 1817 John Paul gave the ground on Third street for a burying ground. The first person buried there was a Miss Old. Up to that time the burying ground was up in Fulton, above Greiner's brewery.

In 1817 my father farmed all the land in Scott's garden and lived in the old log house back of John Ross's tan-yard. A man by the name of William Cole had a tan-yard where Ross now lives. There was a large spring at the foot of the hills on East street. That was when I was a boy, and it used to make quite a creek across Walnut street. There was a public well in the front of the courthouse. Old Fathers Thomas and Kirk used to draw water by the day and children were sent to them and they would fill their buckets and send them home. There was another well at Stapp and Branham's hotel, near Dr. Cornett's back store door on Mulberry street. Another well was dug in 1834 or '35 near the alley by the postoffice. It did not last long. There was another well in the rear of Mr. Albert Scheik's grocery. It was called “Oldfield's Well.” Another was under the present wall on Poplar Lane at Judge J. Y. Allison's residence. This was

called "Talbot Well," as Richard C. Talbott, in 1820, was clerk of the county and lived in that house and kept his office in the corner room. There was another well near the middle of J. F. D. Lanier's ground, where Alex. Lanier now lives. This was called "Lanier's Well." They were all open to the public.

Up to 1828 there was no such thing known as a cast stove. John Sheets brought a seven-plate stove from the east to town for his stove, but there were no cook stoves until 1835 or '36. It was stipulated when I got my wife that I was to furnish a "cooking stove" for our kitchen.

In 1825 there was no such thing as a wood-saw. We boys had to chop our wood with an axe. And another great trouble was, such things as matches were unknown until about 1835, and then they were of the rudest kind. First you had to have a vial with some kind of a preparation in it and a stick with sulphur on the end and when poked into this vial it would ignite. At last, some man invented our present match. At first they had to have a piece of black sand paper, and when rubbed on this paper it would ignite. These were called Locofoco matches and they gave the name to the old Democratic party in this wise: The Tammany party was divided on some questions in New York City, and when one party found they were in the minority, blew out the lights; the other party was not to be outgeneraled and immediately struck a light and proceeded with their meeting, and Prentice of the *Louisville Journal* ever after called it the "Locofoco" party. Before these matches were invented, while living in the country, I was careful not to let the fire go out, and, if I did, the next morning, wet or cold, I would have to post off to the nearest neighbor to "borrow" a little fire.

Father Logan was mistaken about Daniel Lyle's store being the oldest house. It was built in 1838 or 1840. But the brick house across the alley was built in 1818. Andrew Collins' store was in the front and he lived in the frame part. The house Mr. Schooley pulled down this summer was built in 1823, and was a sample of all the houses then in town. The house on the corner of Third and Poplar Lane with a porch on the east side was built by Josiah Meade in 1818; also the house on the alley adjoining David Wilson's old resi-

dence on Second street. The house where Mrs. J. G. Marshall now lives was built by Felix Brandt in 1818; in the east room he had a watch-maker's shop. Mr. William Robinson, father of Mrs. Crane, had a store in the front room of Mr. Verry's residence. The oldest house now standing in the city is on the alley (east side) on the south side of High street between Main and Walnut streets. Peter Hemphill resided there and was ferryman from this side of the river and Abram King from the Kentucky side. The other house is the little red front on the river bank just above William Phibbs'. The front frame in the house where John Marsh now lives is sixty years old.

The old market house was west of the big pond between Mr. Sering's residence and the courthouse. It was built by setting four posts with forks in the upper ends and poles laid in them and then covered with clapboards and logs to hold them on. The house used as a courthouse stood where V. Firth's house now stands. The court was held in the upper room. The stairs were on the outside and west end. The jail, "Old Buckeye," was hard to beat. It was a house with a house built on the outside so close that nothing could be moved, as the outside held everything in its place. David Kent was jailer.

It was hard to make change in these times, as money was scarce. The old Spanish dollar was universally used, together with half dollars and twenty-five-cent pieces, bits ($12\frac{1}{2}$ cents), and fips ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents); the ten-cent pieces passed for $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents, or eight for a dollar. In 1831 or 1832, when Jesse Whitehead opened store, he used to bring out a keg full of ten and five-cent pieces and make change for anyone wanting it, and gave eight dimes and sixteen five-cents for a dollar. So they were soon called "Jesses" and "Half-Jesses."

Before this, they used to cut the money and so get change. For instance, if I owed a man $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents, I would cut a 25-cent piece into four pieces, and a half dollar to eight, or a half for a quarter dollar and cut the other half into four parts, so on with the dollar, etc. This cut money was called "Sharp-shins."

The first Sabbath school was in the old Presbyterian church on West street in front of what is now called Presbyterian

avenue. I preferred this school to the private schools because they gave us books to read, besides the red and blue tickets. Mrs. McIntyre had a private school in 1816.

In 1817 a Catholic priest came to town, and he said mass, preached, administered the sacraments and baptized several children, some of them large girls and boys. But to me the most singular part of the service was that he married four or five old couples who had children grown. This service was held in the house where Joel Dickey now resides. John Paul built this house and offered the whole square to the county if they would make it the courthouse. Beaumont Park for many years taught the higher branches of education there. Many of our old citizens could neither read nor write. Deal charitably with them, and remember that many had to go two and three miles to school and nearly all the way through the woods, with blazes on the trees to prevent them from wandering out of the way and getting lost. And such school houses! One log left out to light the house and this in cold winter, for all had to work on the farm during the summer. Another thing will amuse our young people: Whenever there was a night meeting, it was held at "early candle light." At the appointed time, the heads of each family would take one or two candles in hand; some with a lantern, and as they arrived would light the house, and if but few came, they would of course have poor lights.

Ephriam Kennedy (Old John Brown) and O. B. Lewis went down to the mouth of Crooked creek to fish about this time. Soon they heard a noise like the firing of a gun below the point on the Kentucky shore. About the same time a strange looking craft rounded the point; one mentioned that it was Indians. They immediately dropped all and made for the town. They ran until out of breath, and then hid under the logs for a time, but becoming more alarmed, ran through the woods, greatly excited, into town. They ran until out of breath and reported the Indians coming, and the citizens went to the river to see the first steamboat that came and landed at Madison.

Scape pipes in those days were made very small and great force was necessary to drive the steam through them. For that reason, a noise was made of a very peculiar kind. It

would shriek and then bang away like the report of a gun or horn.

In 1824, Abram Wilson's smith shop, on the ground where Wesley Chapel now stands, was burned down. His brother mechanics turned out to rebuild his shop. They went up the river bank where the Mammoth Cave pork house now stands and were cutting down and hewing the cottonwood trees into logs for the purpose of rebuilding said shop. This was trespassing on John McIntyre's land (it was under the high bank). McIntyre went around asking them their names. One of them was Jacob Harbaugh, but passed under the name of Jake Hoboy. McIntyre went around asking the men "What's Jake Hoboy's first name?"

The first Monday of August in each year was election day for State officers. On the present courthouse corner, and near the public well would be two or three barrels on end, heads out, full of whiskey, with tin cups hung on them. Each party would chalk its name on the outside of the barrel. By evening they would be nearly empty and the men full.

At one of these elections, John Paul, Jr., and Brook Bennett were candidates. Paul's friends were voting and shouting "Hurrah for Paul." Young John Bennett became indignant and jumped on a stump and hurrahed for daddy.

General Tipton, of Logansport, about 1826 made a treaty with the Indians, and induced them to give lands enough to make a road one hundred feet wide, from Michigan City to some point on the Ohio river. Congress left it to the Indiana legislature to locate said road. All the river towns in the State wanted it, and for two years our legislature was in continual excitement. A few years before this, the Wabash Canal was asking for an appropriation, and they wanted one vote in the Senate and two in the House to pass it through. Jefferson county could do just what it wanted and our representatives were promised that if they would do so when Jefferson county would come to the legislature and say "Wabash Canal" every man would go for them. They did so and it was their political death. But this road was to come before the legislature the next winter. Cincinnati money was freely spent to take it to Lawrenceburg, and had so far succeeded as to get it to Napoleon. Now James R. Wallace stepped

forth from Jefferson county, and reminded the Wabash Valley men of their promises. In a moment a member of the valley moved to strike out Lawrenceburg and insert Madison. On this he moved the previous question, and Madison got the Michigan road. This is what was called "Log Rolling" in our legislature.

The country round Madison was settled before Madison. The name of Madison was at first "Wakefield." This county and Scott were taken from Clark county and were the same for a time. Jefferson county was named for Jefferson, then President, and Madison was named for President Madison in 1809 or '10 for he held that office at this time. The above is from memory of what my father used to tell men who came into the county to settle.

The first newspaper published in Madison was the *Western Eagle*, by Seth M. Leavenworth and William Hendricks. Col. John Vawter told me in Morgantown that it was printed in his kitchen while he lived in Madison. After the *Western Eagle*, John Lodge started the *Indiana Republican*. Under the caption was this sentiment: "Where Liberty dwelleth, there is my country.—Franklin." About 1831 the *Banner* at Salem was merged into it and it was called *Republican and Banner*.

Dawson Blackmore was not born in the town of Madison, I think, for Blackmore moved from Madison up into Eagle Hollow in 1810 or '11 and Dawson was not born until 1812 or '13. He is of age, let him answer. Judge Blackmore lived there at that time and made and sold hats. David G. Bright, father of Jessie Bright, made hats at the same time, in Dut-ton's corner, Main Cross and Mulberry streets.

Eagle Hollow got its name from this circumstance. No steam-boats were running, and the large travel to the Jeffersonville land office was by land, and every few miles a tavern. John Troxall put a neat sign with a large spread eagle on it, and after that it was called Eagle Hollow. All the hollows above that were Bee Camp hollows, for every tree that was hollow near the top was sure to have bees, and I have seen a barrel of honey taken out of one tree, while I was living up there from 1818 to 1821.

More about the Indian Camp up Walnut street on Crooked

creek. The Indian squaw in camp did not look like the pictures we have seen of them in books, but quite the reverse. They were as to appearance, larger than the men, but short and slovenly. The young squaw has bright, black eyes, but otherwise is not prepossessing. They examined my coat and how it was made very closely. I saw an old squaw hold up the chin and pinch her little papoose's lips together. I, boy-like asked her why she did so. She answered in substance, it would not take cold if it breathed through its nose while sleeping. All the papooses were strapped to boards of bark and set up against trees. About one hundred yards above the point of the hill nearest Walnut street there was a dam of logs, filling the bed of the creek from bank to bank. Jack Hunt told me it was a beaver's dam. And for ten years afterward, there was occasionally seen beavers playing in the water.

John Paul took advantage of this beaver dam and built a saw mill there. Parts of the mill were there as late as 1830. He also built a grist mill on the north side of the creek, a short distance above the old burying ground on Third street, and grinding was done as late as 1828 and 1830, until Alexander Washer built a mill where the present Star Mills stand.

George Logan was the first white man, as far as the written record goes, to put his foot upon Jefferson county soil, though hundreds trod it before. Doubtless Daniel Boone, who followed the Kentucky river to its mouth, and the Ohio to the Falls was on our soil. Also Simon Kenton and many hunters, trappers and scouts, and the soldiers, settlers, hunters, trappers and government agents who were constantly going up and down the river.

Mr. Logan climbed the hilltop at what is known as Logan's Point March 1, 1801. In 1815, he purchased the land. In 1863, he discovered the beech trees he had marked in 1801. James Vawter built a cabin on the site of the Round House at North Madison in 1806-07. Elder Jesse Vawter removed his family to a residence he had prepared for them at Fairmount in 1806, which he named Mount Glad. Mr. Graham MacFarlane now owns the property. George Richey settled on Clifty creek in 1806; James Underwood on Crooked creek the same year. The settlers previous to 1808 had all located

on the hilltops. In 1808, William Hall squatted on the ground where the engine and pumphouse of our city water works are now located. John H. Wagner landed at the foot of Jefferson street in 1808 and built a cabin on the northeast corner of Mulberry and First streets. This was the first cabin built in the corporate limits of Madison. Mr. Wagner was also our first blacksmith and the father of our late mayor, Isaac Wagner.

In 1808, Col. John Paul bought the land on which Madison stands from the government. He removed to Madison with his family in 1809. Lewis Davis and Jonathan Lyons, partners and associates of Col. Paul, came to Madison in 1809, but remained only a few years. John Ryker, Christopher Harrison, William Robbins, Rafe Griffin, Bazeleel Maxwell, Archibald, Dinwiddie, Joseph Lane, Thomas and David Hughes, Alex. Chambers, Williamson Dunn, father of Gen. William McKee Dunn, Thomas Jameson, father of Elder Love Jameson, Alexander McNutt, John Booth, Samuel Burnett, Robert Trotter, Joshua Wilkinson, John Sering, William Ramsey, Dawson Blackmore, Gen. Alexander Meek, Dr. Robert Cravens, Dr. S. M. Goode, William Hendricks, Arnold Custer and Thomas Roseberry were among the earliest settlers.

The Jenny Lind Pork House was built and run by Messrs. George W. Phillips and son. It was so called because the famous songstress, Jenny Lind, who had been engaged by Mr. Billy Wilson to sing in Madison, found on her arrival that she had to sing there or forfeit the ticket money, and her agent, Mr. P. T. Barnum, was beaten for once. It was a new frame building, very large and stood where Jager's stone yard was on Mulberry street. The house was filled at five dollars a ticket. Captain David White bid a large amount for the premium ticket at auction. The management had guaranteed Barnum \$5,000 and the receipts were \$3,700. They were out \$1,300. From 1847 to 1857, pork packing was a large item of business in Madison. The number of hogs slaughtered one year was 152,000. The flour mills were large and flourishing during this period. On the site of the old pork house, was one run by Capt. David White, who made large quantities of kiln dried corn meal which was shipped to Ireland during the great Irish famine.

Iron foundries were flourishing at this time. Mr. William Clough built and carried on an enterprising business, making railroad cars. The manufacture of starch was now in its beginning and afterwards became a large item of business. The Madison Marine Railway and Shipyard was built about 1850 by a stock company of spirited citizens. It is almost impossible to overestimate the benefit the shipyard has been to Madison. The Madison & Indianapolis Railroad Company was one of the earliest built in the west and Madison was for years the only outlet for this portion of the State, thus enabling Madison to do a large forwarding commission and jobbing trade.

In 1839 when Daniel Webster visited Madison, the reception speech was made by Joseph G. Marshall, who was very similar to Webster in the force and grandeur of his oratory. Webster replied as only the god-like Daniel could. George Robinson (orator, editor and lawyer), after hearing them, went to his office and wrote out both speeches from memory and submitted them and they were both pronounced exact, word for word. This is the only off-hand speech of Webster published, as there were no short-hand reporters in those days.

William Robinson, father of George, came to Madison from Baltimore. He persuaded his friend, Rev. Gamaliel Taylor, to move to Madison as their families could make their long journey together. In 1819 they came from Baltimore to Wheeling in wagons and from Wheeling to Madison in a keel boat down the Ohio river. George Robinson, when 14 years of age, rode horseback from Pittsburg to Madison. When he was 18 years of age, his father sent him on horseback to Baltimore to get the plans drawn for the Methodist church. He returned with plans from which Wesley Chapel was built.

Madison had the first railroad into the interior. This connected with the Ohio river and it at that time, 1842-1852, was the great highway between the south and west to the east and the route by rail and water connecting them gave Madison a name and importance far and wide and made it by far the liveliest of all Indiana towns. It was then a point to and through which the tide of travel swelled daily and nightly in large volume. The steamers which bore this travel were pal-

atial. Busses rattled through the streets. The hotels were hustling caravansaries. The Madison Hotel was a growth and necessity of the conditions then existing and typified activity and vitalities that survive only in memory. Those whose recollections do not reach back to our golden days, can not realize the comparative life, animation, city airs, and cheer of that time. Madison was the business emporium, after Cincinnati and Louisville, and before a pig was ever packed for shipment at Chicago, it was the noted pork mart. Its banking transactions were the heaviest in the State. It was in its Branch Bank that James F. D. Lanier trained and matured himself to become one of the greatest, most successful and noted financiers of Wall Street and of the Nation.

Richard Carson Meldrum, in his recollections, dated 1879, tells of making the first clothes pins used here. He made them at the bank for his mother. A number of his mother's friends, learning of the "new things," wanted them, so he went to work and made them and took them tied up in half dozens in a basket and sold them to the ladies at twenty-five cents per dozen. Mr. Meldrum says he thinks these were the first clothes pins made or used west of the mountains.

Meldrum remembered living in Columbus and going to Madison by stage on the first opening of the Madison and Indianapolis road, of the ride behind the locomotive, the "Elk Horn," borrowed at Louisville and taken by oxen to North Madison up the Michigan Road; also about Mr. W. G. Wharton going to Indianapolis on horseback with money collected as county treasurer (\$1,500 in a pair of saddle bags); of meeting a second and third treasurer on the same mission, and of the heavy rains and high creeks, and on reaching Clifty creek, near Columbus, it was found bank full and after following several times, a man came in sight on the opposite bank and told them to wait and he would see what could be done. He went to a stable, got a trough, rolled it down to the water, bailed it out, got a paddle and started across just above the mill dam. Over he paddled and Mr. Wharton was induced to take the seat first and then take the saddle bags. He then went on his way.

On the northwest corner of Second and Central avenue, stands a house that long ago and for many years was the home

of the Leonard family. George M. Leonard built the house which in its day was one of no mean pretensions. Mr. Leonard was an honest and successful merchant. He was a man of more than ordinary modesty and dignity of character. He was of New England origin and a native of Massachusetts. In early life, before the use of steamboats on our western waters, he purchased in Boston and New York a small stock of goods which he wagoned to Pittsburg, there providing himself with a flat-boat, floated his entire fortune to New Orleans. Disposing of his goods at fair prices, he took the proceeds and converting them into notes of the bank of the United States, placed them in a leather belt, which for safety he buckled around his person and returned to Boston with his gains.

As there were neither boats nor stage routes in those days, Mr. Leonard concluded he would not invest his earnings in horseflesh nor in expensive passage by sea, to reach his home, so he adopted the more economical mode of making the trip on foot, which he successfully accomplished. Who is there of today who can parallel such an adventure or who possesses the will or pluck to undertake the passage alone and on foot from New Orleans to Boston, a large portion of the way through forests and uninhabited regions? But our early Madisonians were men of rugged will, sturdy pioneers whom hardship and danger never daunted; with whom to conceive an enterprise was only esteemed the preliminary step necessary to its accomplishment.

II. EARLY HISTORY OF MADISON

By JOHN VAWTER, April 13, 1850

Father, with six or eight other Kentuckians from Franklin and Scott counties, visited what was then called the New Purchase at a very early date. A part journeyed by land and a part by water. The land party crossed the Ohio River at Port William (Carrolton), the others descended the Kentucky and Ohio rivers in a pirogue to a point opposite Milton. The pirogue answered the double purpose of carrying forward the provisions of the company and enabling the men to pass from one bank to another, swimming their horses alongside. The company made their headquarters in the river bottom in

the western extremity of the city limits of Madison. In the day, the company divided into two parties, exploring the adjacent highlands to the head of Crooked creek and the neighboring lands of Clifty. They met at night and reported their discoveries. To Crooked creek, they gave the name of Mill creek; to Clifty, Hard Scrabble; but subsequently on learning the name of each stream, the red man's name prevailed with the settlers.

At that time, December, 1805, Elder Jesse Vawter selected the spot where Judge S. C. Stevens now resides on the hill. (This place is now, 1915, occupied by Dr. William R. Davidson.) He returned home and made every arrangement for taking possession of his new home early in the spring of 1806. He, with others, made the first settlement in and about Madison. Nearly all the settlements made in that year and the two or three succeeding years were made on the highlands. Among the first settlers in the county were Elder Jesse Vawter, James Underwood, Joshua Jockson, Colby Underwood and James Edward, all of the Baptist denomination. East of Crooked creek were Col. John Ryker, Paul Froman, Ralph Griffin, Joseph Lane and others, the last two families being Baptists. West and southwest were Col. Samuel Smock, James Arbuckle, Michael and Felix Monroe, Isaiah Blankenship, Amos Chitwood and others. The first corn was raised in Jefferson county in the year 1806, most of it being planted as late as June.

The first settlement made in the river bottom near Madison was by William and John Hall in 1806 or 1807, a little above Isom Ross's tan-yard (purchased by Johnathan Lyon in 1808). The second was made by John H. Wagoner on the high bank a little west of Main street, in Madison. (Main street, as it was then called, is now known as Jefferson street). Wagoner unloaded his boat on the tenth day of May, 1808, and immediately commenced building a house to live in. The third person who settled in the limits of the present city was Robert M. Trotter, afterwards a justice of the peace. The fourth was Joshua Wilkinson, a single man. The fifth was Joseph Strickland, afterwards justice of the peace, and with Strickland came a man by the name of Schofield, and perhaps others not recollected. Next came John Booth, the first inn-

keeper; then John Sering, Samuel Burnet, the second inn-keeper; then Charles Easton with a number of others, which brings us down to the time of the first sale of lots in Madison in February, 1811. During all the above time, all the preaching for twenty or thirty-five miles up and down the river and through the county was of the Baptist order. The first sermon ever delivered within the chartered limits of Madison was by Elder Jesse Vawter, among the cottonwoods on the river beach, a little above the stone mill. The text was the first verse, first chapter of the gospel of St. John. It was a funeral occasion, the death of Widow Slack. Mrs. Jonathan Lyon, mother of Philemon Vawter, closed the service. This was the first death and funeral preached in the vicinity of **Madison**.

After the land sales in May, 1808, and the sale of lots in Madison in 1811, the town and country commenced filling up pretty rapidly with settlers.

I was first justice of the peace within the vicinity of Madison while it was in Clark county. My commission bears the date of the sixteenth of July, 1808. The first judges for Jefferson county were Gen. William MacFarland, president of the court of common pleas, Samuel Smock and John Paul, second clerk, Richard C. Talbott, first sheriff, John Vawter. I am not certain but that Basil Bently was second sheriff in Jefferson county but very soon retired from office. The third sheriff was Thomas T. Stribling. The first court ever held in Jefferson county was held in a log cabin owned by John H. Wagoner, in February, 1811. The sale of the first lots in Madison (old town) was in the same month; the first proprietors, Col. John Paul, Jonathan Lyon and Louis Davis. The first addition west was surveyed by me for Col. John Paul. The first courthouse, called the Buckeye House, was built by myself for the proprietors. The first jail was a square log house, builder's name not recollected. First public house was kept by John Booth, second by Samuel Burnett, third by Major Henry Ristine.

The first store was owned by John Sering & Co., a drug store was started about the same time by Dr. Drake & Co., the third store was opened by S. C. Stevens, the fourth by myself, fifth by J. & N. Hunt, sixth by McCabe and Co., sev-

enth by Mr. Clarkston, eighth by John McIntyre. The first physician was of the name of Fiske, second, James Hicks, third John Howes, fourth David H. Maxwell. The first attorney-general, Alex A. Meek, second a man by the name of Oulds, third, Gen. William Hendricks. The first dray ever used in Madison was owned by Simeon Reynolds, and managed by his most excellent son, William W. Reynolds.

I was personally acquainted with the first proprietors of the town. A more excellent or upright man than Colonel Paul was hard to find. He was one of Gen. George Rogers Clark's bold adventurous soldiers, who aided in the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. He was elected one of the representatives from Clark county in the year 1810. This was previous to the formation of Jefferson county and Colonel Paul then resided at Madison.

I was crier of the first sale of lots in Madison, but had nothing to do with the surveying or laying out of the same. I laid out the first addition west of Broadway for Colonel Paul in the winter of 1814-15. Had nothing to do with any addition to the town.

My second visit to Indiana was in May 1806. I came in a pirogue and landed a little above the stone mill opposite Milton, visited the highlands east and west of Crooked creek, continued at my father's half faced shanty until near the middle of June in order to assist him in getting his corn planted, returned in the same craft with my mother and other relatives to Frankfort, Kentucky. In September, 1806, my father moved his family from Kentucky to Mount Glad, the place where Judge S. C. Stevens now resides. In December, 1806, I made my third visit to Indiana in company of John Branham. He aided in driving my father's cattle and fattened and stock hogs from his Kentucky residence to his new home in what was then a wilderness. At this time, I made a selection of a place to move my family to in the spring. It was the identical spot where the depot and machine shops of the railroad company are now on the hill. In March, 1807, I arrived with my family, wife and one child at my originally selected site in the woods. In 1808, I built a house on the hill

(Michigan) nearly opposite Godman's creek and resided there until 1812. In this year, I purchased property in Madison and moved to it. The property purchased by me was two lots on Main Cross street, east of Polley & Butler's iron store and west of Mulberry street. In 1814, I sold both lots to Mr. David McClure. In the winter of 1815, I purchased of Colonel Paul the corner now owned by George M. Phelps, and built a large farm-house, large for the size of Madison. Had the water conveyed by pipes, in connection with Colonel Paul, from the hill at Hites. In the same year, I sold it also to David McClure, moved to Vernon in November, 1849, with my family. Since November, 1849, I have resided in Morgantown, Morgan county, Indiana.

III. ADVENTURES OF EARLY SETTLERS

By ROBERT and ALEXANDER MILLER

It is said that when an Indian story-teller relates the history and the folk-lore legends of his tribe, he always begins by saying: "This is what my grandfather told me when I was a little boy."

Now, I am not an Indian nor much of a story-teller, but I am going to write a few homely incidents of pioneer life and I am going to begin just as though I were a Cherokee Indian historian, and will say before I begin that the incidents of which I write were related to me, from his own personal knowledge, by my grandfather, as we sat before the wood fire in the wide old fire place, years and years ago.

"This is what my grandfather told me when I was a little boy."

His father came, with his wife and one child, from Buncombe county, North Carolina, in the early years of the nineteenth century. They came, with other settlers, by way of the old Indian trace (warrior's trace), a footpath used by the Indians, leading from the mountains of the southern states to the wilderness and Great Lakes of the north. The journey was made on horseback, the few household goods packed on one horse, the wife and child on another, while the husband and father walked alongside, with his trusty rifle ready for immediate business.

The little company settled in the western part of Jefferson county, along Neil's creek and my grandfather was born in a block-house where the village of Kent now stands, and which was then called Dobbinsville. Neil's creek was named for a man of that name who was lost in the woods while hunting cattle, and having no means of kindling a fire, crept into a hollow log to spend the night and was frozen to death.

The settlement was soon cleared, the land was new and strong and good crops were almost a certainty. But the settlers were compelled, much against their will, to share with the original denizens of the forests. Bears, deer, squirrels and wild turkeys made sad inroads on grain fields and the deer helped the settlers to dispose of the tobacco crop, eating the green leaves, to the last vestige, they being, curiously enough, the only animal that will eat "the weed."

Squirrels were by far the most troublesome animals, and late in summer and fall, they collected in the field in hordes. Three or four times each day, all the men and boys, and often the women and girls, went through the fields with some noise-making instrument, usually a "horse-fiddle," and frightened them out. Usually the frightening was done by one member of the family, while the others patrolled the fences and with the aid of the dogs, of which there was always from one to a dozen, slew the little rodents by dozens as they left the fields. The hams of the squirrels were preserved, salted and smoked in the wide mouthed chimneys, while the dogs fell heir to the remainder.

The woods abounded with deer and there was little trouble in supplying even the largest families with fresh venison. One of the favorite means of securing fine deer was to kill them after nightfall about the "licks or sulphur springs," where they came to drink in the darkness. This feat was accomplished by placing on the bank near the springs and on the windward side, a bit of spongy, rotten root of the sugar maple or beech tree, known as "fox-fire," (probably a corruption or phosphor), which shone with a phosphorescent glow in the darkness, on the opposite side of the Lick, a rifle placed on two crotched sticks was trained on the fox-fire, and a blind of green boughs thrust into the ground concealed the hunter. When the deer came to drink, the hunter waited until he came

in range and when the fox-fire was hidden from view, he knew the deer was where he wanted him. Then a touch on the trigger, a flash, a report, and nine times out of ten the deer was his.

My great-grandfather was an adept at this mode of hunting and on one occasion he met with an adventure which, but for the watchful presence of his dog, might have been serious. He had gone to a "lick" not far from home, had fixed his paraphernalia before dark and settled down to wait for the coming of a deer. He waited for three hours with the dog at his side but no deer rewarded his patience. The dog was uneasy and several times started up with a growl at a rustling in the leaves near at hand, but at a word from his master lay down again. Finally the old man's patience was exhausted and taking up his gun, he arose to return home. The dog growled and raised his bristles, scenting an unseen enemy. His master gave him permission to go and he needed no second bidding. He darted into the shadows and in a twinkling was mixed up in a terrific combat with a hidden foe, while the amazed hunter stood with his gun ready to shoot, but afraid to do so for fear of killing his dog. Finally, after a desperate struggle, the combatants drew apart for a moment and the hunter stepped forward, and with the muzzle of his rifle almost touching the animal fired. Dragged into the light, the animal proved to be an enormous wildcat which had also been deer hunting, and, meeting with no success, had started man-hunting instead, and except for the presence of the faithful dog, would undoubtedly have attacked him in the screen of boughs.

Panthers or "painters" as they were called in those days were also numerous and committed many depredations on live stock and poultry and would even attack a human when hungry. One summer afternoon my great-grandfather took his rifle and strolled out into the woods, seeking some stray calves. Passing along a path in the edge of the woods, he experienced that indefinable feeling we all have when under the fixed steady gaze of another's eye. Lifting his eyes, he met those of a huge panther crouched on the top of a sapling which had been broken down about twelve feet from the ground, resting on the stub. The animal was ready for a spring, but

the hunter was too quick for him and a rifle ball brought him to mother earth.

A record of pioneer life without a bear hunt would be incomplete so I will tell you of two in which my own grandfather took part, hila-hi-yu (long ago), as the Indian story teller would say. Two young ladies returning late in the afternoon from a visit to a neighbor, saw a bear come out of the cornfield just ahead of them, cross the path and shamble into the woods. There had been much complaint in the neighborhood concerning the depredations of a bear which had stolen pigs, chickens and other things good for a bear's appetite, but whose lair could not be located. Here was a chance to track the robber home and the girls instantly took advantage of it. Keeping themselves hidden from the bear, they followed him through the woods for half a mile until he disappeared in the hollow top of a huge leaning maple tree. Then, knowing that he was safe for a time, the girls hastened home and informed their fathers. No time was lost. The neighbors were summoned and in a short time a dozen men armed with guns and axes and guided by the two girls, surrounded the tree. A huge fire was kindled to light up the scene, for it was now dark in the forest, and while two sturdy axe-men fell to chopping at the base of the trees, the others disposed themselves near where the top of the tree would strike the ground, expecting to make an easy conquest of bruin when he appeared, stunned by the shock of the falling tree. In half an hour the tree came crashing down, splitting open from end to end, but no bear appeared. The hunters stared in surprise until a yell from one of the axe men called their attention and the clumsy beast appeared climbing out of the stump. With one accord, the riflemen ran toward the butt of the tree and as the high animal shambled away amid the treacherous shadows, every gun in the party was discharged in his direction, but so far as could be learned, not a bullet touched him and he disappeared in the darkness.

One Sunday afternoon, late in the summer, my grandfather, who was then about grown, with another young man about the same age, went home from church or Sabbath school with a neighbor's son to take supper and remain until time for evening services. After supper, the man and his wife

left the three boys to "do the chores," and started to church. After completing the chores, the boys started off just before dark. The path led through a "windfall," a tangled mass of logs and brush overgrown with blackberry briars, grape vines, whipsedge and bushes. About the middle of this delightful place, they stumbled on to a small black bear which had killed a pig and was making a meal of him. When the boys appeared, the bear left his quarry and darted into the thicket, but knowing that he would not go far, two of the boys remained on guard while the third returned to the house for a gun. When he returned, the three boys endeavored to get a shot at bruin, but he was too shy to venture into the open. He could be heard sniffing, grunting and crashing through the tangle but was too wary to venture into view. At last the boys lost their patience and started through the jungle in pursuit and for two hours they played hide-and-seek with bruin in the moonlight, until the man and his wife returned from church, when the boys learned that the gun they carried was empty. When they realized the risk they had taken in chasing a hungry bear for three hours with an empty gun, their only consolation was in knowing that it was a cowardly little black bear and not a war-like grizzly.

One more incident and I am done. A lady returning from a visit to a sick neighbor, just before dark one evening, discovered that she was being followed by a panther. She quickened her pace and the animal did the same. When she slackened her footsteps, the panther did likewise. Knowing that the brute would overtake her, she took refuge in a deserted cabin in a small clearing, hoping to outwit him. Instead of passing, however, he came up and clawed at the door. The woman climbed into the loft and the panther soon clambered to the roof and began tearing at the boards. Fearing that the panther would gain an entrance, she descended and the animal did the same. All night long the game of hide-and-seek went on until daylight appeared, when the panther was frightened away by a passing hunter and the woman released. The strain and horror of that terrible night in the lonely cabin, besieged by the savage beast was too much for her nerves and she died a few days later from the effects of sheer fright. This lady's name, if I remember rightly, was Gowans.

IV. THE MADISON AND INDIANAPOLIS RAILROAD

By C. G. SAPPINGTON

One of the first railroads built west of the Alleghenies was the Madison and Indianapolis railroad, now a part of the Louisville Division of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis road. The actual work of building the road was commenced in the year 1836, at which time the Ohio river was one of the great highways of Madison, one of the gateways of commerce. Her citizens had every reason to believe she would become one of the chief cities of the west; great pork houses were built, and other industries established. She then managed a trade over hundreds of miles of territory and it was to increase this trade that a railroad was projected and built. The very thing that men sixty years ago expected to advance the interest of Madison, only had a tendency to turn the tide backwards.

Mr. Milton Stapp, a lawyer of prominence in those days, argued for the building of the road before several sessions of the legislature, but without success until the Internal Improvement Act was passed, January 27, 1836, and work on the Madison and Indianapolis railroad was commenced by the State soon after. The following composed the engineering corps that surveyed the road from Madison to Indianapolis: Jesse F. Williams, chief engineer; Gen. Thomas R. Morris, resident engineer; John Woodburn, acting State commissioner; Edward W. Beckwith, resident engineer; R. M. Patterson, J. H. Sprague, J. B. Bacon, John Mitchell and William Clyde, assistant engineers. James Tilden, John G. Sering, William V. Utter and W. Hoyt, rodmen; Richard J. Cox, J. T. Burns, William Spann and J. Vanosdol, axmen. William Stough and A. W. Flint were the contractors who built the first section of the Madison hill (or plane), beginning at the foot of the plane, including the Crooked creek culvert and trestle at Third street to the upper end of Big Cut. Joseph Henderson built the second section, commencing at the upper end of first cut to upper end of second (or Big) cut. James Giddings built the third section to the top of the plane, David C. Branham and F. W. Monroe the first section beyond North Madison, Robert Cresswell the next, and Danville Branham the next,

which reached Wirt station, six miles from Madison. The contractors who built the remaining portion to Vernon (22 miles from Madison) were David Pallertine, Samuel Lefever, J. D. Fanel, Edward Fanel, John Carnahan, Thomas Hays, Adam Eichelberger, A. Hallom & Co., Rundell Bird & Co., Cochran & Douchett, William McKenzie, Overhaltz & Goodhue, William Griffith and John Carboy. Other contractors completed the road beyond Vernon.

The road was completed to the different points on the line as follows:

Graham, 17 miles from Madison, Nov. 29, 1838.

Vernon, 22 miles from Madison, June 6, 1839.

Queensville, 27.8 miles from Madison, June 1, 1841.

Scipio, 30.3 miles from Madison, June 1, 1843.

Elizabethtown, 37.3 miles from Madison, September, 1843.

Columbus, 44.9 miles from Madison, July, 1844.

Edinburg, 55.4 miles from Madison, Sept. 8, 1845.

Franklin, 65.5 miles from Madison, Sept. 1, 1846.

Indianapolis, 86 miles from Madison, Oct. 1, 1847.

When it was opened for business as far as Graham, the State leased it on the last of April, 1839, to Robert Branham, Elias Stapp, D. C. Branham and W. H. Branham, who continued in charge until June, 1840. Under the terms of the lease the State was to receive 40% of the gross receipts, the lessees to bear all the expenses of operating. The expense was not very great as Mr. R. J. Elvin, who was connected with the road for over fifty years but is now dead, did all the clerical work for the road and Mr. Bartholomew Tierney all the blacksmithing and repair work necessary in those days. Mr. John G. Sering, State agent, was on all trains to look after the interests of the State. The trains would leave North Madison in the morning and run to Graham, returning in the evening. The gross receipts the first month were \$849.38, and for the first fifteen months were \$15,702.00, which was a good showing in that period. The next lessees were John G. Sering and William Bust, from June, 1840, to June, 1841, when the State again took charge.

The road was completed to Queensville at this time and the State was out of money, so the work was delayed for some months. John Woodburn, Victor King and George W. Leon-

ard, of Madison, started a bank in 1841, issued bills (called Woodburn's bank bills) and assisted the State in building the road to Scipio, three miles farther north. On February 21, 1843, the State sold the road to the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad Co., N. B. Barber, president, for \$600,000.00, who gave mortgage to the State for the full amount, but by manipulation the company got it from the legislature for \$75,000.00 in 5% State bonds worth on the market about fifty cents on the dollar, making the net cost \$37,500.00. It was considered a clear case of thieving from start to finish. The State paid out for the building and equipment of the line to Queensville \$1,624,291.93, of which \$62,493.21 was from tolls. The owners of the road then completed it to Indianapolis.

The inclined plane between Madison and North Madison was commenced in 1836 and completed in 1841. It is 7,012 feet long, with a total elevation of 413 feet or 311 feet to the mile. There are two cuts on the plane, one 65 feet and the other 100 feet deep, cut through the solid rock. Previous to the completion of the plane, passengers were transferred between Madison and North Madison by omnibus. An old resident of Madison, Mr. William Stapp, brother of one of the first lessees of the road, says: "The omnibus did not always leave on time. When the driver would hear that the mayor or some other dignitary was to leave on that train, he would wait an hour for the great man's arrival." When the plane was completed, the cars were let down the incline by gravity and hauled back with eight horses driven tandem to each car. The stables were located at the foot of the plane and Joshua McCauley and Robert Hackney were the drivers. Horses were used from 1841 to November 1848, when Andrew Cathcart's improved engine with two sets of cylinders and a pinion working in a rack in the center of the track was put in use and gave good satisfaction until Reuben Wells built the engine "Reuben Wells" (634) in July, 1868. Andrew Cathcart was master mechanic of the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad Company, and drew plans for the improved (or cog) engine as it was called, went to Baldwin's works in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and superintended the building of it.

The following are the wrecks occurring on the plane: Nov. 4, 1845, a passenger car was being let down the hill,

when a wood car following became unmanagable and crashed into the coach, killing John Lodge, the first railroad conductor in the State, and several others. Engine "M. G. BRIGHT" (635) blew up at the foot of the plane in 1877, killing engineer Lindley and a citizen of North Madison named Hassfurder. The above are the only fatalities occurring on the plane.

The practice of letting all freight and passenger cars down the incline by gravity was continued until 1880, at which time, Col. J. R. Shaler, superintendent of the Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis railroad issued orders requiring the hill engine to be attached in the rear of all cars coming down and going up the incline. This order is still effective.

That portion of the road built by the State was laid with English iron rails rolled at Wales, England, weighing 45 pounds to the yard and in three different lengths—15 feet, 18 feet and 15 feet 9 inches. They were shipped by vessel to New Orleans and by boat up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Madison and cost \$75.00 per ton delivered. They were laid on cedar ties which were fastened to a sill by a locust pin twelve inches in length. The sills were 10 x 10 and cost eight cents per lineal foot. Cedar ties cost twenty-five cents each, but proved too soft to hold spikes and were taken up within five years and sold for fence posts at 12½ cents. Locust ties proved too hard, so oak was substituted which cost the same as cedar.

The first iron was laid, August, 1838. Some of the old rails were taken up in 1893 and sent to the Chicago exposition. When the rails were received, they were marked by cutting a square hole half an inch in diameter in each end. Two of them are now in service at North Madison just opposite the door of the old blacksmith shop. Many of them were taken up and mixed with other iron for the building of the Louisville bridge.

In an interview with Mr. Elvin recently, he said John Lodge was the first conductor on the Madison & Indianapolis railroad. He also had the title of superintendent from June 1, 1841, to March, 1842. W. J. McClure was the first agent, appointed March 1, 1842, and served until February 18, 1843. Samuel Thomas was the first master mechanic and general manager, Henry Jackson the first engineer, F. Fleming the

second and F. Lurger the third. The first three firemen were Jacob Bitterman, William Copeland, and William Baugh. They ran the three locomotives owned by the company. The first passenger coach was built by Thomas L. Paine and Son, of Madison, in the fall of 1838, but not used until March, 1839. It was very plain with small windows near the top of the car, lever brakes, and was about thirty feet long. The freight cars came from the east, via New Orleans, had four wheels and a capacity of twenty-five or thirty hogs, or 10,000 pounds. When the first seventeen miles of road were completed from North Madison to Graham (17 miles) an arrangement for a grand excursion was made as the first locomotive was expected to arrive from Baldwin & Co.'s works at Philadelphia. It had been shipped on a vessel around by New Orleans. During the passage, the ship was caught in a storm and the locomotive was thrown overboard along with other freight in order to save the ship. The governor, State officials, members of the legislature, and a number of other prominent men from various places having been invited to participate in the festivities of the occasion, the management determined not to disappoint them. As it had been given out that on Tuesday, November 29, 1838, they would be treated to a real "steam car" ride, arrangements were made to borrow the locomotive "Elkhorn" from the Louisville & Portland Railroad Company, at Louisville, Kentucky, for the occasion, on account of the loss of the new one expected from Philadelphia. The locomotive was hauled from the east end of the track at Louisville and placed on a boat which was used in transporting stone from the quarries east of Madison to be used in the construction of the courthouse at Louisville and the boat was then towed to Madison where the locomotive was unloaded and then taken up the hill to North Madison by a man named Martin. It required five yoke of oxen to haul it up the dirt road and it was done amid great excitement. On Sunday afternoon following the arrival of the first "steam car" that ever turned a wheel in Indiana, it was understood that the engineer would raise steam and see that it was in good order for the grand excursion, and nearly everybody in Madison and vicinity tramped to North Madison to see the wonderful machine work. It proved to be in good order but to the dis-

appointment of the people there assembled, an exhibition of its locomotive power was reserved for the grand blow-out in presence of the governor on Tuesday, November 29. Great preparations were made for the reception of the distinguished guests. A banquet was spread in an old frame building on the river front in Madison and the Hon. Jesse D. Bright was master of ceremonies on this auspicious occasion, and as he never did anything by halves, you can judge of the magnitude of the demonstration.

The day for the grand "steam car ride" arrived and all the people of the surrounding country turned out to see the sight. The governor and distinguished guests were on hand and after the cars were filled with passengers, the "Elkhorn" with a full head of steam moved off like a thing of life to the astonishment of the assembled multitude. After running to Graham and back, the governor and party took carriages for the city, where they partook of the banquet awaiting them. There was more noise and excitement made over the seventeen mile ride than there would be now over a trip to California in a balloon. During the trip one of the guests remarked that they had actually attained a speed of eight miles per hour and he really believed that some day they would be able to make fifteen miles per hour.

The borrowed locomotive was returned to Louisville and safely delivered to the Louisville & Portland Railroad Company. The expense of bringing it to Madison and returning it again amounted to \$1,052. This stroke of enterprise was commended by the entire State and was heralded abroad, but not by telegraph as such a thing was unknown in those days.

After the loss of the first locomotive, a duplicate order was sent to Baldwin & Company and the first locomotive owned by the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad Company arrived safely in Madison the first week in March, 1839, and on the sixteenth of that month, a trial trip was made over the finished portion of the road. From November 29, 1838, until the arrival of the first locomotive in March, 1839, the construction train was operated by horses, one passenger car passing over the road daily. The road was formally opened for public traffic, April 1, 1839, as far as Graham. While John Brough was president of the Madison and Indianapolis

Railroad Company, he spent over \$100,000.00 of the company's money trying to get a charter from the State of Illinois for a road to St. Louis, Missouri, but failed. He also attempted to build a road between Madison and North Madison to avoid the steep incline plane and after spending \$309,000, the work was abandoned on account of the company being out of funds. The old road bed, tunnels and abutments for bridges can be plainly seen to this day. Brough was a smart man but a poor manager. He induced the directors to purchase two steamboats, the "Alvin Adams" and the "David White," at a cost of \$70,000. They proved a bad investment and almost a total loss.

The first freight depot owned by the company was an old pork house at Madison, purchased in 1849 from a man named Flint, and cost, including repairs, \$8,416.09. The passenger station was built in 1850 at a cost of \$4,094.32. It had a cupola and bell which was rung for five minutes one-half hour before the departure of each train. The ringing of this bell was continued until 1888, when it was cracked. The company tried to discontinue the old-time practice of ringing the half-hour bell several times, but the old residents protested to such an extent that it was continued as long as the bell lasted.

Things were run pretty loose on the road in those early days, and no check was kept on any of the employees handling the company's funds. The favored ones remitted what and when they pleased. Previous to the use of tickets on trains, the conductor would fill out a blank with name of passenger, starting and stopping point and amount of fare collected. This was sent to the president, who kept the record in his office. Madison was the second pork-packing city in the west and the road did a big business hauling hogs during the winter months. In the year 1852 they handled 124,000 hogs.

V PIONEER DAYS OF THE MADISON & INDIANAPOLIS RAILROAD COMPANY

By JOHN R. CRAVENS, February 27, 1896

John Brough was president of the Madison and Indianapolis railroad at a salary of \$3,000 and I was vice-president at a salary of \$1,500 per annum. Brough was an educated man

and a splendid speaker, but not a railroad manager. When we leased the Muncie road in 1852, we arranged for an excursion to Muncie. A few days before the day set, Brough wanted to back out as he was afraid we would lose money and not get the cars back in time to load hogs for Madison the next days. The hog trade was our main traffic and as we had so few coaches, we were often forced to use the hog cars for passengers by making seats in them of clean lumber. I persuaded him to run the train and greatly to our surprise, we could not carry the people—turning away hundreds. We cleared over \$1,000.

Our road was run in connection with a line of steamboats, the "David White," "Alvin Adams" and "Jacob Strader." We had our own wharfboat and sometimes received three and four hundred people per day from the boats. This would necessitate extra trains, which were often delayed awaiting the arrival of hog trains from the north in order to get cars to load the passengers in. I would have to act in the capacity of conductor in emergencies and had some strange experiences.

I was bringing a hog train from Indianapolis one day when the engineer wanted to get off at his home out on the road and he asked me to act as engineer, to which I readily assented and got along all right until I attempted to back the engine into the roundhouse at North Madison and went clear through the brick wall.

Our new engine and cars were shipped from the east as far as they could be by rail and we would send ox teams to meet them and haul them to our track. We afterward received them by lake and rail to Cincinnati, thence by boat to Madison. Brough was very independent and made the directors of his road believe they had the greatest monopoly of the age. We had leased the Belfontaine & Muncie roads and newly projected lines were anxious for us to take hold of their schemes and push them to completion. When the Ohio and Mississippi railroad was building they wanted to come via Madison and at a meeting of the directors of the two roads, Brough in his positive way declined to have anything to do with them, saying: "The Madison & Indianapolis can not father all the paupers in the country." He made the same

remark in 1853 when Chauncey Rose, of the Terre Haute road wanted to lease his line to the Madison & Indianapolis and Mr. Rose replied in a forcible manner: "By God, gentlemen, you don't have to and we will see who will be the paupers within two years," and he did. Brough ruined the Madison & Indianapolis trying to build a road to avoid the steep incline plane at Madison, called "Brough's Folly."

In 1853, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was preaching in Madison and being anxious to visit our shops on the hill, I took him up in my carriage and suggested to him that we go down the incline in the "buggy," (a four-wheeled handcar with a seat on each end and lever brakes). We were going pretty fast and I asked him if I should check up. He replied in the negative, saying it was the first opportunity of his life to ride fast and I let her go until the reverend gentleman with a wave of his hand said "too fast." He spoke of it afterwards as the fastest travel of his life.

Years ago it was said that the reason such an incline was built at Madison was that State Commissioner John Woodburn owned the ground through which the first cut was built and conceived the idea that the railroad running through his place would enhance its value, and arranged to have his prospective son-in-law, Edward Beckwith, appointed engineer in charge, otherwise the grade might have been longer, but of less magnitude. Beckwith afterward turned out bad and had to flee the country.